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Providence Independent

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My Ship on the Ocean.

Yes, somewhere far off on the ocean,
A lover is sailing to me—
A beautiful lover—nurse found him
One night in my cup after tea.

I laughed when she said it—who wouldn't?—
Yet often a thought comes to me
Of the ship that is bringing my lover—
My lover across the blue sea.

Whenever the cruel wind whistles,
I think of that ship on the sea,
And tremble with terror lest something
May happen quite dreadful to me.

And then, when the moon rises softly,
I hardly can sleep in my glee,
For I know that its beautiful splendor
Is lighting my lover to me.

But oh, if he should come! Why, nurse,
I'd hide like a mouse. Deary me,
What nonsense it is! But you shouldn't
Be finding such things in my tea.

—St. Nicholas.

THE LAST LEAP.

A small, old fashioned cottage where a woman sits working in the porch. As she sits there alone, Mary Sullivan is dreaming the old dreams which have cheered her through her ten years of widowhood—bright but never impossible dreams of the future of her only son—and she is glancing backward, too, over her own life, wondering a little, just a little, if many women of her age have seen no more of the world than she, who has not spent one night of all her life—nor ever wished to do so—beyond this village where her husband has been a schoolmaster. Is it to be always so? A steadfast light comes into her eyes, and her quiet lips break into a smile, made beautiful by proud and loving trust—"That shall be left to Davy," she says, uttering softly the one name which now means all the world to her. "His choice will be my choice."

She does not know how intently she is listening for his footstep upon the gravel, nor how her face brightens when he comes in at last.

"Mother!"

"Oh, Davy, Davy!"

The greeting bursts from the hearts of both, in that first moment; then the boy's lips are clinging to his mother's, and her arms hold him in that entire love which a widowed mother so often lavishes upon an only son. He is home to spend his vacation—a whole month—from school.

The first vacation of David's passed like a dream to his mother, and now that the last day has arrived, she feels as if only a week had sped, though she has so regretfully and hungrily counted (each morning and each night) both the days that have been spent and those that are to come.

Another long absence follows; in another bright home coming (in the frosty Christmas darkness now), another absence; and so on, and on, and on, until David comes home from school for the last time of all.

He meets his mother just within the porch, where the flowers bloom that summer as they have bloomed through every summer of his life, and he has no cloud upon his face. But, later on, his mother's anxious question is answered a little sadly.

"Yes, mother; I heard from the lawyer yesterday. Grandfather's will does not mention either of us. He has given me all the help he meant to give. Well, he has been very good, and now I am ready to make my own start in the world. But I must go at once. One delicious day with you here, then for London! Don't look so sad, my mother; this shall not be a long separation; not even so long as the old school terms, for I will soon come back to fetch you."

So after this one day he goes, laughing over his scanty purse, because his hands are strong, he says, and his fortune, hope and courage. But when he looks back, it is only through a mist of tears that he can see the little cottage where he leaves his mother in her loneliness.

After David's departure the days pass for Mrs. Sullivan just as the old school days have done, except that now she has a daily excitement in his letters. Never can she settle to anything until the postman has come up the garden path, and given into her trembling hand the letter David never fails to send; the letter which does his mother's heart such good.

At last one letter comes in which he tells her he has found employment in an accountant's office; employment which is very easy to him, and which he likes, though the salary he is to receive is much smaller than he had anticipated when he so hopefully began his search.

"But I will work so well," he writes, "that the firm will raise my salary soon, and then I will come for you. Ah, mother, I can indeed work hard and long and steadily for that good end."

"So, in the cottage, Mary works hard too, confident in the realization of his plan, and living with him, through her long day dreams, in a London which exists in her imagination only—a wide, calm city where all the young men have David's face and David's nature, and guide skillfully the machinery of the world.

they have spent together for all the eighteen years of David's life. Then he goes back to his work, still hopeful of the rise which his earnest and untiring servitude is to win.

Six months pass, and then, one Sunday night, David walks unexpectedly into the cottage kitchen, where his mother sits beside the fire, softly singing to herself a hymn which she has heard in church that day. When she starts up—her face, in that moment of surprise, white as death—David sees how little able she is to bear any shock where he is concerned. But her delight, one minute afterward, makes up for all, and that Sunday night is one which both will love to remember.

"Can you not stay one day?" the mother pleads. "Must you really go back to-morrow, Davy?"

"To-day, you mean, mother. Look, we have chatted till after midnight, already. Never mind, we have four whole hours more, thanks to the new railway. Don't go to bed, mother; I cannot spare you for that time."

She had never thought of leaving him; so beside the cheerful fire they sit and talk; first of the lives which they have separately led, and then of that life which they are presently to lead together—for David has come home on purpose to bring joyful tidings. The long talk of home will be ready soon, for he is earning a high salary now, and all the old bright plans are to be carried out.

"But, Davy," Mrs. Sullivan says, when she rises at last to prepare the early breakfast, "how very hard you must be working, only to be spared for one day, after a whole twelve months of service!"

"I could have had one holiday between," he answers, "but I would not take it. It was wiser not, mother, as this is an expensive journey, even now that we have the railway."

"And you have been sending me your money, David."

"But I am earning so much now," the young man says, with a bright excitement in his eyes.

"And are you happy, David?"

"Very happy, mother—thinking how soon everything will be as I planned it long ago."

"But for yourself alone, are you happy, dear?" she asks, wistfully.

"I Oh, yes, mother, quite happy."

Another good-bye—"But the last," David says, as again and again he kisses his mother's shaking lips.

David had said that he would spend his birthday at home—that June day which has always been the one holiday of the year to the widowed mother—but on the morning before arrives a letter which tells her that he is obliged to delay his coming. London is very full, he says, and he is very busy; so he cannot get that day's holiday.

In every line of this letter the mother can read his disappointment, as well as the sorrow it gives him to disappoint her; and tears come and blot out the loving words, as well as the proud descriptions of the home which is all ready for her now, out in one of the pleasant northern suburbs. They blot out even that simple request at the end—"Think of me more than ever to-morrow, mother, and pray for me just at nightfall; at that very hour when we have been used to sit together in the porch on other happy birthday nights."

There is the present of money which most letters bring her now, and it is while she holds this money in her hand that she forms a sudden resolution, which comes to her at that moment as so natural a one that she wonders where it has been hidden before.

She is on her way from the village post office when the plan suggests itself, and when she reaches home (her steps quick in the new excitement) she sits down in her old seat in the porch and makes it all clear to herself. David is working very hard, and is to be lonely on his birthday. How can she better his gift to her than by giving him a pleasure he cannot expect, and so prevent his being solitary on that day which they have never yet spent apart? As he cannot come to her, she will go to him. Ah! how his face will brighten when he sees his mother come in! How he will start up with outstretched arms to clasp her! That moment will repay her for any trouble she may have in reaching him.

When once the resolution is formed it holds her tenaciously, and she begins her preparations at once, glad and excited as a child. She packs her basket, putting in a chicken and butter and cream, because David has said that he never enjoys these things in London as he does at home; and she smiles as she ties a dainty white cloth over them all; for she is picturing her boy's delight when he shall unpack these luxuries which she has brought him from his own village. All that night she lies awake, yet rises brisk and active, almost wondering if she can really be the Mary Sullivan who has never entered a railway carriage in her life—she, a traveler, starting alone to a far-off city of which she knows nothing.

Taking her basket on her arm, she walks to the rectory to leave the key of her cottage with her clergyman, and to obtain from him instructions for her journey. He gives them clearly and circumstantially; and, walking with her to the station, sees her off, with the precious basket in her care and that look of steadfast happiness in her eyes.

It is a long journey, but the anticipation of David's delight at seeing her shortens and beautifies the way, so that she starts with surprise when a fellow passenger tells her she is at Paddington. Timidly she stands back from the crowd, holding her basket tight upon her arm, and watching the passers-by with wist-

ful, patient eyes. What a great place this station is! and every one so busy and engrossed!

"If you please, I want to reach Farringdon street. Would you kindly tell me what to do?"—she has at last accosted a porter, as he passes with a hamper on his shoulder.

"Cross to Metropolitan!" The words are foreign words to her. What can they mean? Is there a river, then, between her and David?

Another porter, coming slowly up as the crowd disperses, sees the puzzled look upon the woman's face, and how she shrinks apart in her neat country dress, and holds her basket with such care and pride.

"Where do you want to go?" he inquires, kindly.

"To Farringdon street. I am to cross something, but I could not understand. I'm sorry to be so troublesome."

"You'd far better have a cab," the man says, in a tone of involuntary kindness. "Do you mind the expense?"

"I have six shillings in change," she answers, looking gratefully into his face.

"Will that do?"

"Half of it."

He takes her to one of the waiting-cabs and makes a bargain with the man in her presence; then he closes the door upon her and smiles as he drives away.

And this is London—this line of streets, and crowd of people, and deafening sound of wheels! Poor Davy! How he must long for the quiet, shady lanes and the fresh breeze coming inland from the sea!

The cab stops, and Mary Sullivan stands with beating heart at the door of a tall, narrow house in Farringdon street and rings the bell faintly. She waits what she thinks a long, long time before a young woman appears in answer to her modest summons.

"Will you tell me, if you please, in which room I shall find my son?"

"What's your son's name?" the girl asks, with a long stare.

"David Sullivan."

"Oh, Mr. Sullivan," she says, a little more pleasantly, "He's out. Would you like to step into the passage and rest?"

"Thank you," David's mother says, gently, as she meets this unlooked for blow, "I would much rather go to him."

"I don't know where he is, though. He's nearly always out. He's at an office all day. Then he's forever going out into the country somewhere north, where he's got a house he's been furnishing. I don't know where else he goes, but he's always away at night."

He will be at—that house you speak of, I suppose?" questions Mary, her voice trembling in its eagerness as her thoughts dwell on this home which David has been preparing for her. "I wish you could tell me where it is."

"But I don't know," the girl answers, more shortly, "and I should think you'd better stay here till he comes back."

"I would rather go to him. Do you think any one in the house could kindly tell me where he is?"

A young foreigner is coming down the stairs as Mary speaks, and she looks shyly and wistfully at him. So the girl asks him the question: "Does he happen to know where Mr. Sullivan is?"

"Monsieur Sullivan—Sullivan?" the young man questions, laughing a little as he glances into the face of the country bred, yet delicate looking woman, who stands holding her basket so closely to her side. "Yes, I know; why?"

"I am his mother," Mary says, her voice bright with pride.

"Had you not better wait here until he comes?"

"I would far rather go to him, if you would help me."

"You are quite sure?" he asks again, with the laughing glance.

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then I will direct you, for I am going that way myself. You had better, at any rate, leave your basket here."

So she gives it to the young woman, with a shy request that it may be taken care of, then follows her guide out into the street. It seems to Mary that they have walked for miles down noisy and bewildering streets, when they turn and enter a wide and open doorway. With a sign to his companion to follow, the stranger walks on along a carpeted passage, only pausing a moment to speak to a man who is standing there, just as if he might be waiting for them. Mary follows her guide on and on, wondering how this lighted way could lead to any home which David has chosen for her.

Yet all the while her heart is fluttering joyfully, because the meeting must now be so near. Once more the stranger stops to speak to some one who stands at an inner door, then he leads her through it, on amid a crowd of seated figures.

"If you sit here," he says, with a smile, pointing down to a vacant seat which they have reached, "you will soon see your son. Watch the wide entrance opposite you there, and you will see him in a few minutes."

Mary thanks him with simple earnestness, then takes the seat and waits; her eyes fixed, with a smile of expectation in them, upon the opening opposite.

What a gay, grand place this is, with lights like suns and stars upon the ceiling, so far up, so very, very far up! Why, the church at home is not nearly so high as this room. But why is it lighted yet? The June sunshine is lying brightly now upon the sea at home, and it must be light as day in the cottage-rooms. What thousands of faces are gathered here—all looking one way, too, all looking at that door which she has been bidden to watch. Are they waiting for David, too?

Suddenly a hand begins to play; and

—puzzled more and more—Mary turns her eyes from the spot she is watching so intently. David has never told her about this music, and these lights, and the watching crowd. What does it mean? And why is Davy coming here?

A prompt, tumultuous sound of clapping in the crowd; and Mary turns her puzzled eyes back again to the doorway she had been bidden to watch. No one is there, save the few idle figures which have stood there all the time. But now, in the cleared space in the center of the building, a man (who must have passed through while she was gazing at the band, and whose face is turned from her) is climbing a single rope suspended from the roof.

Wonderingly, Mary watches the light and active figure—tightly clad in white and crimson—springing upward with the speed and the agility of a squirrel. Why should he do this daring, foolish thing? Is a man's life so valueless that he should risk it thus to provoke a moment's passing wonder? Is death so trivial a thing that he should brave it recklessly thus, to win a moment's applause? Ah! to think of this man's life, and then of Davy's!

Another minute, and the man she watches springs to a double rope which hangs from the lofty ceiling, and, sitting there at ease, looks down upon the crowd. Then Mary's eyes look full into his face.

It is a special performance at the circus on this June night, being the farewell of the famous gymnast Monsieur Sulli, who, after his brief and brilliant career, is retiring from the profession in which he shines without a rival, intending to settle down—so it is rumored, ironically and discontentedly—to office work with an accountant, and to live in a small house out in a north suburb, with an old mother from the country. So ridiculous, in the very zenith of his fame.

On this farewell night he is to perform (for the last time) his greatest feat—a feat which no one but himself has ever attempted. From the flying trapeze where he now stands, swinging himself carelessly to and fro, he will spring to a stationary one forty feet distant; and passing through this, will catch it by one foot only, and hang suspended so, one hundred feet above the arena.

A dangerous exploit, of course; but performed with wondrous nerve and skill. Surely it will be a pity if, having made his reputation, Monsieur Sulli still persist in his determination to retire from the ring.

A grand success! The shout of applause, which shakes the great building from floor to ceiling, testifies to this beyond a question. Decidedly a grand success! Though in one seat among the crowd a solitary woman, who is a stranger there, sits, white, and still, and dead.

Fashion Notes.

Undressed kid gloves will be imported in dark brown shades different from any hitherto used.

Buttons will be very much used on winter costumes and cloaks. They will be of medium size, round and ornamented with embroidery.

Scarfs made of India cashmere and lined with silk will be worn in the early fall. They will be crossed on the bosom and tied behind in fish fashion.

The canvas braids of open-work, introduced in the spring, will be woven heavier for winter stuffs. They are to be used not only on the polonaise, but in the flounces of the lower skirt also.

A new cravat bow is called the Centennial bow. It is made of China crape of any color, laid in long folds, widening below somewhat in the shape of a bell, and with a hanging tassel for the tongue or clapper, partly concealed by the lace which is gathered on the edge.

New breakfast caps have close pointed crowns without fullness. They are made of organdy muslin or of cream white mull. The crown is relieved of its sharp look by a wide band of ribbon that half covers it. This band is of basket-figured armure or broadened ribbon three inches wide, with an Alsatian bow on top, a full lace frill is around the face, and one end of ribbon hangs behind. They cost \$3.50. For ladies wearing mourning, the frill is edged with fluting instead of lace, and the band is of black ribbon.

A Second Joan of Arc.

The Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph says: It appears that Mlle. Mercus, the young lady who is playing the part of Joan of Arc in the Herzerovina, is of Dutch nationality. She is about thirty years of age, of diminutive stature, dark, and not handsome. She has squandered away the greater part of a large fortune in the realization of her romantic dreams; nevertheless she is still in possession of more than seventy thousand pounds sterling. Her first fancy was to erect a Protestant temple at Jerusalem, in front of the monument supposed to be our Savior's tomb. The temple, which cost £14,000, still exists. Mlle. Mercus' present ambition is to command a battery of artillery, and she recently gave £1,200 for the purchase of guns, but the gentleman entrusted with the money suddenly disappeared, and nothing farther has been heard of him. This extraordinary lady is not admired here, having supported the French Commune, and approved of the Archbishop's assassination. She spends her time running after battlefield adventures wherever they are to be encountered, and, if public rumor be correct, is rather to be compared to Lola Montes than to the Maid of Orleans.

A Rich Treasure Found.

The London News says: In the neighborhood of the village of Nikolsk a discovery has been made which is likely to demoralize the industrious peasantry of the district. The eternal dream of peasant idlers has come true for once, and a rich treasure has been found near the very spot where the public of Nikolsk had always looked for it. It appears that not far from this township there is a valley which runs into a gorge called Zaporogne, and in the gorge there is a deep well of the same name. Now, tradition has it that the well Zaporogne was once made use of by brigands, who not only drew water from it, but used it as their common purse and exchequer. Into this receptacle were cast coins, old Russian and older Greek, the silver ornaments of the peasants, the plate of the village churches. It is much easier, however, to hide treasures than to find them, and the honor that should prevail among brigands usually breaks down when the time comes for the company to dissolve. It generally falls out that the treasurer, for instance, has stored the booty in a place known only to himself, and then some perfidious comrade slays the treasurer and his goods perish with him, the secret of his bank having been known to himself alone.

Something of this kind may have happened in the Zaporogne plundering company, for although the house has long been extinct, its wealth lay cunningly hidden. The tradition of the mysterious store was handed down from sire to son, and the father of the present proprietor began some diggings, or as it seems now more fashionable to say, commenced some excavations in the neighborhood of the well. Nothing was found, and the research after these endowments was dropped until last year. The steward of the property then hit on the happy thought of trenching in a lateral direction, like the treasure seekers in Poe's "Gold Bug," who dug not at the foot of the pirate's tree, but at a distance of thirty yards in a bee line. The Russian investigator was as successful as Poe's hero. He soon struck on a great shining vessel full of ancient spoils. To fill his pockets and those of his assistants was his first idea, and then he sent to the village for sacks. The steward tried to bribe his assistants to silence, but apparently he did not bribe them high enough. They claim by Russian law, as it is said, a right to a third of the treasure trove—in this case about 50,000 roubles. Their suit has been dismissed by the local courts, but they have appealed to a higher tribunal, and very likely all the wealth of the brigands of Zaporogne will melt peacefully into the pockets of the members of the Russian bar.

Gratefully Declines.

There is a man in Cincinnati who does not want to hold office. He writes to the Times: You are very kind to mention me as a candidate for Congressional honors, indeed you are; but I cannot permit my name to be used for one moment to disturb worthy men who really have a call to legislate for and take care of the country. I emphatically declare now that I am not a candidate. In the language of Mr. Stilson Hutchins: "You couldn't shoot an office into me with a double barreled shotgun." I never saw a Congressman that I didn't feel sorry for. I never heard of but one man in official life whom I sincerely envied, and that was a schweinhirt, in an ancient German village. His business was to take the hogs of the village out into the country every day, care for them, and return them to their pens at nightfall. It seemed to me that this person could enjoy official life. He was secured in his place, his future was secured, and he had the benefit of good society. I held an office once. I was journal clerk in the Ohio House of Representatives, during the sessions of 1868-9. I did more work than anybody about the establishment, and was compelled to listen to all the speeches besides. My pay was \$35 a week, and my perquisites amounted to \$5 during my entire service. The late Mr. Nesmith paid me the \$5 for making a copy of his celebrated Route No. 9 bill. This experience discouraged me. I have been heard to declare that no American citizen should ever thrust a ballot into a box with my name on it with my consent. That declaration I will reiterate now, and trust that you will give it emphasis. I have seen a great many politicians, and they all seem to be very unhappy and very unsatisfactory.

Homely Maxims for Hard Times.

Take care of the pennies. Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be always poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make a great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop, the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Love Light.

Beyond all lights that ever shone
On land or glittering seas,
The love light shining in your eyes
The fairest seems to me.

Quickly to meet the sunbeam's kiss
The rose with beauty glows;
Swiftly beneath your tender glance
My warm blood comes and goes.

If the sun sees an answering smile
On land or glancing wave,
Can you not see in my eyes, dear!
The light your own eyes gave?

A Terrible Bore.

Mr. Sniffin sends us the following: When I bought my present place the former owner offered, as one of the inducements to purchase, the fact that there was a superb sugar maple tree in the garden. It was a noble tree, and I made up my mind that I would tap it some day and manufacture some sugar. However, I never did so until this year. But a few weeks ago I concluded to draw the sap and to have what Mr. Bangs calls "a sugar bilin." My wife's uncle was staying with us, and after inviting some friends to come and eat the sugar he and I got to work. We took a huge washkettle down into the yard and piled some wood beneath it, and then we brought out a couple of buckets to catch the sap and the auger with which to bore a hole in the tree.

My wife's uncle said that the bucket ought to be set about three feet from the tree, as the sap would spurt right out with a good deal of force, and it would be a pity to waste any of it.

Then he lighted the fire while I bored the hole about four inches deep. When I took the auger out the sap did not follow, but my wife's uncle said what it wanted was a little time, and so, while we waited, he put a fresh armful of wood on the fire. We waited half an hour, and as the sap didn't come I concluded that the hole was not deep enough, so I began boring again; but I bored too far, for the auger went clear through the tree and penetrated the back of my wife's uncle, who was leaning up against the trunk trying to light his pipe. He jumped nearly forty feet, and I had to mend him up with courtplaster.

Then he said he thought the reason the sap didn't come was that there ought to be a kind of spigot in the hole so as to let it run off easily. We got the wooden spigot from the vinegar barrel in the cellar and inserted it. Then, as the sap did not come, my wife's uncle said he thought the spigot must be jammed in so tight that it choked the flow; and while I tried to push it out he fed the fire with some kindling wood. As the spigot could not be bugged with a hammer I concluded to bore it out with the auger, and meanwhile my wife's uncle stirred the fire. Then the auger broke off short in the hole, and I had to go half a mile to the hardware store to get another one.

Then I bored a fresh hole; and although the sap would not come, the company did, and they examined with much interest that kettle, which was now red-hot, and which my wife's uncle was trying to lift off the fire with the hay fork. As the sap still refused to come I went over for Bangs to tell me how to make that exasperating tree disgorge. When he arrived he looked at the hole, then at the spigot, then at the kettle, then at the tree. Then turning to me he said:

"Sniffin, you have had a good deal of trouble in your life, and it's done you good. It's made a man of you. This world is full of sorrow, but we must bear it without grumblin'. You know that, of course. Consequently, now that I've some bad news to break to you, I feel it's the shock won't knock you endways, but'll be received with patient resignation. I say I hope you won't break down and give way to your feelin's when I tell you that there tree is no sugar maple at all. Grashuns, why that's a black hickory. It is, indeed. And you might as well bore for maple sugar in the side of a telegraph pole."

Then the company went home, and my wife's uncle said he had an engagement with a man in Hattboro' which he must keep right off. I took the kettle up to the house, but as it was burned out I sold it next day for fifteen cents for old iron, and bought a new one for \$12. I think now maybe it's better to buy your maple sugar.

A Solid Dinner.

Some of the hotels have bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. An Oregon man recently took a seat behind one of them, when a waiter appeared with "What will you have, sir?" To the utter confusion of the waiter, he leisurely remarked: "You may fetch me a new set of teeth, in gutta percha; an improved sewing machine, with patent lock-stitch, a box of Brandreth's pills, and a pair of number seven French calf-skin boots." In a moment the waiter replied: "We haven't got any of them." "Then what have you got them on the bill of fare for?" retorted the customer.

A HEAVY FALL.—A writer in Notes and Queries tells the following good story: Mr. Falls, a well known Irish sportsman, happened one day to ride down a bound. The irascible but witty master attacked him in no very measured language. "Sir," was the reply, "I'd have you recollect that I am Mr. Falls, of Dunganon." The answer was ready: "I don't care if you are Mr. Falls, of Niagara; you shan't ride over my bounds."

Providence Independent.

T. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1876.

Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will please notify us of the same.

The attendance at the Centennial Exposition on Saturday last, was greatly in excess of that of any other day since the opening of the Exhibition; it was even larger than on the opening day, and surpassed by several thousands the best record which is furnished of the Vienna Exposition. The actual figures are as follows: 95,873 persons who paid twenty-five cents each admission; 373 who were admitted on complimentary tickets, and 8,268 who were entitled to pass in as exhibitors—in all 104,514 souls. Notwithstanding this vast crowd of people, there was not a single instance of rowdiness on the grounds. Who says that an American crowd cannot take care of itself?—The question now is how many persons would have visited the Centennial on the above day had an admission fee of 50 cents been charged instead of 25 cents. Has not "reduction" already proved itself a noble success?

SOME persons have professed to think it a great hardship that they were not allowed to imitate gold coins and greenbacks for the purpose of advertising. But as long as there are people who cannot read, the law should be enforced. Hardly a day passes that some poor ignoramus is not cheated by these "composition spiel mark" pieces, and the credit of the country suffers in the minds of these people when they find that they have been deceived in the character of its money.—TIMES.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," it is true, but they are grinding "exceeding small" in Schuylkill county, and when they stop there will not be much left of the Mollie Maguires. New grist has been found in the discovery of the murderers of Morgan Powell, the first known victim of the order. "Yellow Jack" Donahoe and Alexander Campbell are now in jail and the evidence against them is said to be conclusive. This dark stain against the fair fame of the State is fast being wiped out.

Hon. Frank W. Hughes, of Pottsville, and General Charles Albright, of Mauch Chunk, have under way a pamphlet containing their arguments in the Mollie Maguire trials at Pottsville. They were associated with Mr. Gowen in the prosecution, and feel, it is said, that the latter gentleman rather monopolized the honors of the business. This feeling is but natural, considering that Messrs. Hughes and Albright won the first three Mollie convictions without him. The pamphlet will have a preface, giving Carbon county proper credit for convicting the first three Mollies—Kelly, Doyle and Kerrigan. 20,000 copies of this pamphlet are to be printed.

The latest campaign scandal charges Governor Hayes with deliberately stealing four hundred dollars belonging to a soldier's mother. The statement is made circumstantially, and one General Brown and Chaplain Harper, of a West Virginia regiment, furnish the evidence. Well, there may be fools here and there who will stop to read and give some credence to such absurd political roboracks, but "the dem total" of all such violations of propriety and truth must help rather than injure the Republican candidate for President. There is not an intelligent citizen of the Union, of either party, who does not know that two more blameless gentlemen than Ruthertford B. Hayes and Samuel J. Tilden have never been presented for the Chief Magistracy of the nation, and the personal defamation of either is simply a waste of indecency.—TIMES.

THE DEPARTED STATESMAN.

A Long and Solemn Procession Follows Him to His Last Resting Place.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., August 25.—This forenoon all business houses in the city were closed as a token of respect to the dead Speaker, and nearly the entire population were on the streets, either taking part in the ceremonies or witnessing the grand pageant which was formed by the various societies in the city. The procession was one of the largest ever witnessed in this section, and many of the houses along the line of march were heavily draped. During the movement of the procession the bells of the city were tolled. On the arrival of the procession at the family mansion it was halted, when the funeral services were performed. Rev. S. Conn, of the First Presbyterian Church, officiating. Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of the Third Presbyterian Church, assisting. After the close of the services the burial case containing the remains were removed, and the line of march was taken up and proceeded to the Northern Cemetery. At the grave the burial rites of the Masonic fraternity were recited by the officers of Jefferson Lodge, No. 104, of which Mr. Kerr was a member. The grounds in which Mr. Kerr is buried adjoin those where Governor Willard is entombed. Among the attendants on the ceremony were Governor Hendricks and several State officers, and a large number of citizens of Indiana. General Ekin and staff, of the Department of the South, and a number of distinguished citizens of Kentucky.

A FORTUNATE ARREST.

The Western New York Train Wrecker Caught and He Confesses.

BUFFALO, August 27.—George Adams, the young man who so successfully played the role of the hero in the late averted railroad disaster at Fairport, was last night arrested in this city, the evidence of his being the author of the outrage having been worked up by detectives. After his arrest he confessed that he alone misplaced the switch which threw the train from the track of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad on the 11th instant, whereby the engineer and fireman were badly scalded and the engine completely wrecked. On the morning of the 16th instant he drew the spikes from the ties and the bolts from the fish-joints, thereby throwing the train down an embankment, wrecking the engine, three passenger coaches and the baggage and postal cars. The only person injured was W. E. Clemens, who afterward died of his wounds. His last exploit was the attempt at Fairport, on the 20th inst. Adams has already served a term in the Erie County Workhouse, for petit larceny. He pleads in extenuation his intention to notify the train in time to avert an accident, hoping thereby to place the company under obligation to furnish him with a situation.

Fighting Forest Fire on the Delaware and Hudson.

MILFORD, August 28.—Extensive fires are raging in the mountains on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware river, near Pond Eddy. A vast amount of valuable timber destroyed. The people are fighting the fire day and night, but thus far have been unable to check its advance, and unless heavy rains set in, the damage will be very great. The fires are incendiary. Forest fires have also been raging in the neighborhood of Port Jervis, N. Y., for the past week, destroying a vast quantity of young timber and several dwelling houses and barns. A large force of men have been fighting the fires, but thus far without avail. The Supervisor of the town has been requested to send a large force of men to that section, which he will do immediately.

A \$200,000 Fire in New York.

NEW YORK, August 27.—A fire occurred this morning in the sugar house belonging to Ockenhauser & Brothers, 380 South street. The flames spread with great rapidity, and soon the entire building was burning. The fire spread to oil warehouse of Libby, Bartlett & Kimble, 334 Front street, and to the occupied by Murphy & Nesbitt buildings, No. 281 South street, which was damaged to the amount of \$2,000. The other losses are: Ockenhauser & Brothers, on the building, \$90,000, and on stock, \$175,000; Libby, Bartlett & Kimble, \$35,000. The cause of the fire is unknown.

A Just Retribution for Murder.

DAYTON, Ohio, August 25.—James Murray, aged 19, was hanged here today for the murder of William Dawson in this city, August 1, 1875. Upon the first attempt the rope broke, and he fell to the floor of the scaffold. The prisoner was soon a second time placed upon the death-trap. At this point he made a death grip on Deputy Sheriff Freeman, and it required several men to force his hold. This time the rope was doubled, and the struggle soon ended. A few hours before the execution, he made a full confession of his guilt.

During a drunken row in Providence R. I., Saturday night, Clinton Smith stabbed and killed Frank Toronton. The murderer is in jail and there are demonstrations against lynching him.

ANOTHER MILL FIRE.

And Twenty More Lives in Danger in a Burning Building.

The building in Twentieth street, below Filbert, owned by Robert McMullen, and known as Crawley's Mill, caught fire last evening in the picker room. The flames spread rapidly and in a few minutes the third floor fell through and about thirty Jenks looms dropped in a heap to the ground floor. Mr. J. F. Crawley, proprietor of the mill, says that his loss is about \$10,000 in machinery alone. At the time the alarm was struck about twenty girls were in the building, intending to work till 7:30. When they saw the flames approaching they began to scream. Mr. Crawley, hearing their cries, hastened to their assistance and succeeded in getting them down stairs out of the reach of the flames. The girls say that if Mr. Crawley had not gone to their rescue they would have been burned. The fire will throw about fifty men, women and children out of employment.

The English Grain Crop.

LONDON, August 28.—The wheat yield will be less than an average and probably not longer than that of 1875. This result is disappointing. However, the quality is fine and the weight heavy. New barley is satisfactory. Several important country markets note an advance of one to two shillings for new English wheat, while prices from abroad offer no margin to importers. The London market has been somewhat firmer, but there has been no important change of quotations. The demand has been mostly for consumption. Speculators are still holding off. The floating-cargo trade has been steady and the arrivals off the coast moderate. The market tended to improve towards the close last week.

Lynch Law in a Georgia Jail.

AUGUSTA, August 27.—An inquest was held over the body of Robert Williams this morning. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from gunshot wounds inflicted by parties unknown. The body was badly mutilated. The gates leading to the jail were broken down with axes. The mob was composed of men from the county. Williams was about 20 years old, and Mos. Bridge, whom he assaulted and attempted to rape, is a married woman, aged 19.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Pacific Mail steamer Colon was towed into New York on Saturday, her crank shaft having broken and engines became useless when 750 miles from port. Two men were killed.

The political lines are being drawn tighter than ever in Washington. A War Department employee was discharged last week for talking too loudly for Tilden, and many more dismissals from the same cause are daily expected.

The International Temperance Conference resumed its sessions at Sea Grove, New Jersey, on Saturday, and was addressed by Professor Forster, of New Brunswick, while in the evening papers were read by Mrs. Ann Wittmeyer, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Dr. Wylie, of Chambersburg.

Two brothers named Denham resided arrest by a constable on Saturday, at Denver, Cook county, Ohio, and were shot dead.

The Baltimore Typographical Union No. 12, has fixed the price of composition for morning papers at forty-five cents per thousand ems, and for afternoon papers, forty cents.

The powder mill of Messrs. Granby & Flagly, at Pine Grove, on the Lebanon and Tremont Railroad, exploded Saturday afternoon, totally destroying the property. No lives were lost.

At a Republican ratification meeting on Friday, at Raymond, Montgomery county, Kansas, an explosion of a barrel of gunpowder occurred, instantly killing one man and fatally injuring three others.

The latest advices from the Indian country, 24th instant, give no particular news from General Crook or the situation of Indian affairs.

A waterspout burst over the Humane Establishment at St. Paul's Island, N. S., on the 18th. Five buildings were destroyed and one man killed.

James Hummel attempted to kill his wife, from whom he separated, in Cincinnati, on Monday, and then committed suicide. The wife will probably live, though stabbed in every limb.

Thirty cents on the dollar is all that the Miners' Trust Company's Bank, at Pottsville, can offer its depositors and creditors, and as there are many workmen among the former class much distress has been caused.

Large forest fires are raging on both sides of the Delaware, near Pond Eddy and Port Jervis. Not only has much timber been burned, but many dwellings and barns have been destroyed. Nothing but heavy rains can check the advances of the flames.

Grasshoppers are still very thick in Eastern Nebraska, doing a good deal of damage to vegetables and corn planted late.

FORTY-SEVENTH

ACADEMIC YEAR OF

WASHINGTON HALL
Collegiate Institute,

Will begin 4th of September 1876. For catalogue address: A. RAMBO, TRAPPE, PA.

RICHARDSON & EASTBURN,
BRIDGEPORT, MONTG. CO., PA.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

CELEBRATED
DAVIS EXCELSIOR

Super Phosphate of Lime,

PURE GROUND

BONE and FLOUR.

As a top-dressing for Wheat, Rye, Oats or Grass, the "DAVIS EXCELSIOR" has no superior in the market.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

July 26, '76.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The undersigned has moved from No. 503 Swede Street, to

NO. 32 MAIN STREET,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

Second door East of Cherry, adjoining Confectionery of F. G. Stritzinger, where he will be pleased to meet all of his old customers and many new ones. Especial attention is called to his large and varied

Stock of new Goods,

CONSISTING OF

Ladies' & Gent's

FINE

BOOTS SHOES AND GAITERS,

Of the latest styles and best material.

Misses', Boys' & Children Shoes & Gaiters

A GREAT VARIETY.

Ladies' and Gent's Measured Work a Specialty.

The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock, as it has been carefully selected, is of the best material and includes all the modern styles, and it is my intention to sell as cheap as any one else can sell the same quality of goods.

Call and see me.

Hiram M. Fulmer.

N. B.—Repairs will be neatly and carefully done, and is solicited.

april 27-3m.

The New Improved
American Self-Threading Sewing
Machine

The Button Hole, Oversewing, Sewing Machine, for sale by the Agent at No. 640 Chain Street, NORRISTOWN.

The Agent is prepared to supply NORRISTOWN, and surrounding country with the above, best Sewing Machine the world has ever produced;

SIMPLE.

LIGHT.

DURABLE.

EASY AND

COMPARATIVELY

NOISELESS.

PARTS

NEEDLES,

OLDS,

HEMMERS,

AND ALL ATTACHMENTS

WITH MACHINE, for sale at low figures

at 640 Chain Street, NORRISTOWN.

ANDREW N. AUCHY,

AGENT, NORRISTOWN, PA.

april 13-3m.

D. Y. MOWDAY.

240 S. Main St., Norristown, Pa.

Furnishing UNDERTAKER,

And Dealer in all kinds of

FURNITURE!

He has a very large stock of every

variety of Furniture which he will sell

on very reasonable terms.

Special attention given to the Under-

taking Business. Give him a trial.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New

York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing

lists of 2000 new papers, and estimates show-

ing cost of advertising. March 9-ly

BEATTY PIANO

Best in Use.

Grand Square and Upright.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

June 29-ly.

SEWING MACHINES!!

The subscriber is agent for the sale of sewing

machines and will sell any of the good makes

AT 20 PER CENT. LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS

PRICES. PUBLISHED PRICES.

FRANK M. HOBSON,

Freeland Pa.

FOR SALE

The Agent of the New American Sewing

Machine offers a large lot of

2nd. Hand Sewing Machines

of every description at greatly reduced prices

for sale at his place.

NO. 640 CHAIN STREET,

NORRISTOWN.

Please give him a call before buying else-

where. april 30-3m.

ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING!

DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

H. WKR ATZ

Justice of the Peace,

Surveyor, Conveyancer, Real Estate,

and Insurance Agent.

Represents Good Fire, Storm and Life

Insurance Companies.

OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday, Wednesday

and Friday

Drs. Royer & Ashenfelter,

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,

TRAPPE PA.

OFFICE HOURS: 7 to 9 A. M.

1 to 3 P. M.

may 4-ly

J. H. RICHARDS,

Bread and Fancy cake Baker

The above firm manufacture all kinds of

CAKES and CHOICE BREAD.

All those desirous of possessing good Bread

and Cakes will do well to give him a trial.

He also manufactures and sells

ICE CREAM!

Parties and Pic-Nics supplied at short

notice.

FREELAND,

sep. 23-3mos

MONTGOMERY CO.

TO YOUNG

HOUSEKEEPERS

The undersigned would inform his customers

and the public in general that he is now

prepared to offer

A Nice Line of

BUREAUS,

WASHSTANDS,

BEDSTEADS,

Dining Breakfast & Centre Tables,

case-seat and Windsor Chairs.

Rockers, Settees, Lounges

and Sofas, Bed Feather,

Tickings and Sheet-

ings.

—ALSO—

Queensware,

Cedar and Willow ware.

Table Cutlery, &c.

Which will be sold at prices to suit the times

Goods will be delivered free of charge.

Isaac Kulp,

GRATER'S FORD

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples

worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co.,

Portland, Maine. March 9-ly

BEATTY PIANO!

GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

This instrument is the most handsome and

best Piano ever before manufactured in this

country or Europe, having the greatest possi-

ble depth, richness and volume of tone, combin-

ed with a rare brilliancy, clearness and per-

fect evenness throughout the entire scale, and

above all a surprising duration of sound, the

power and sympathetic quality of which never

changes under the most delicate or powerful

touch. Space forbids a full description of this

magnificent instrument. Agents discount given

where I have no agents. I have no agent, you

take no risk in purchasing one of these CELE-

BRATED INSTRUMENTS. After (5) five

days test trial it proves unsatisfactory the

money you have paid will be refunded upon re-

turn of instrument and freight charges paid

by me both ways. Pianos warranted for six

years. Address,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

June 29-ly.

B. KOHLER.

Job and Ornamental.

BOOK BINDER,

AND

Blank Book Manufacturer.

(Established 1837.)

Entrance on Depot Street Philadelphia.

All kinds of English and German

Books, Music, Stationery, &c.

Furnished, and all orders for Printing at

tended to. Blank books, Morocco Cases, Port-

folios and Pocket Books made to Order. Also

Photograph Albums repaired.

June 16-3m

Facts for the People to Know,

That the subscriber at the

Evansburg Tannery,

has constantly on hand, a large stock of

WATER PROOF CALFSKINS,

WATER PROOF SLAUGHTER KIPPS,

WATER PROOF UPPER LEATHER

which is manufactured from selected

stocks, and intended expressly for custom

works, which is guaranteed to give entire

satisfaction to the wearer, and owing to

low price of green hides and the improved

labor saving advantages introduced by the

subscriber, he is enabled to offer great in-

ducements to shoe manufacturers, or others

who purchase their own leather and have

their boots and shoes made to order.

THE CENTENNIAL RECORD, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.
J n 8-1y Portland, Maine. June 29-1y.

Interviewing Brigham Young.

A World correspondent being in Utah, interviewed the Mormon chief. He says: Brigham seated himself, and after a few preliminary remarks about the weather, which he likened to that in New York city, I asked him how long ago he founded the Salt Lake settlement.

"It was in 1846," said he, "that we left Nauvoo in the State of Illinois."

"A pretty long journey between here and there?"

"Yes, a pretty long journey. But we made it to escape from persecution. We made our own roads across Iowa, every foot of the way. When we got to the Missouri river the United States called upon us for a battalion of five hundred men to assist in the war with Mexico. We gave them, but they were a considerable loss to us."

"Did you know anything of this country when you started?"

"Well, yes. We had heard a good deal about it through the reports of Colonel Fremont, the explorer, of whom I suppose you know. Fremont, when he passed through here going west, discovered the northernmost extremity of Salt Lake. When he returned eastward he found the Utah lake (which is really separated from Salt Lake by only forty miles) and mistook it for the lower extremity of Salt Lake. But as the water of Utah lake was fresh, Fremont recorded that he had found a lake salt at one end and fresh at the other—a most unprecedented and unaccountable phenomenon."

A lady now addressed the prophet, saying: "I suppose you adopted this as your home because it was so delightful here?"

"Anything but that," said Brigham. "You would marvel if I should tell you the true reason why we came here. It was because the country was so poor that we thought we might stay in it forever unmolested."

He proceeded to give an interesting account of the route they took across the plains and through the mountains, and of the appearance of the region on their arrival. I remarked that the railroad had since greatly disturbed their isolation.

"Oh," said Brigham, rather haughtily, "we don't perceive that the railroad has had much effect here. The proportion of our people as compared with others in Utah is much greater than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. This city has thirty thousand inhabitants. Of these one-eighth are not of our number. Perhaps, though, there may be more than that proportion of outsiders, since this is the very center of the mining interest."

"Did you not live in New York State at one time, Mr. Young?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered the prophet. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have heard my father speak of you—speak of knowing you in Cayuga county, New York."

"Yes, I was there," said the prophet, musingly. "I married into the family. But it is so long ago—he slowly continued—"so very long ago that I have forgotten almost all about them."

No wonder he had forgotten that first wife and her kin. His multitudinous later spouses had long usurped whatever place she may have had in his household and his warmest heart.

House Flies in Virginia City.

The Enterprise says: Previous to the change of weather which we experienced, the swarms of house flies which congregated in certain portions of our city, and especially the lower portions, were enormous. In fact, the flies have never been seen in this vicinity. Even around the city were literally covered with them so as to present a blackened appearance. In some localities fly paper and the various preparations of fly poison killed them in incredible quantities. One house showed a nail keg filled with their dead bodies. But, however troublesome these little pests are, their presence is a harbinger of health. They are generally found to leave or are lying dead at the approach of any prevailing epidemic.

It has been maintained by many writers of distinction that these insects, especially in our foot-of-the-way places, where no prepared food is found, subsist upon a sort of ethereal infusoria of so minute an organization as to be invisible except by the aid of the most powerful microscopes. These floating atoms of life the flies gather up on their wings while playing about, then rub them off with their feet and feed upon them, and this is their occupation, as frequently seen, after having alighted and when rubbing off their wings with their feet. The same powers which enable these flies to run up and down a pane of glass or to crawl back down, upon the ceiling, enable them also to retain this kind of food upon the feet till transferred to their proboscides and consumed.

Two Hundred Bushels of Crickets.

In Bull Run valley, Nevada, the crickets have played sad havoc with the growing crops. The hungry pests attacked one wheat field of thirty acres, and in an hour destroyed the whole crop, eating the stalks off close to the ground, and then marched on to other conquests. Millions of crickets that have been killed strew the ground for miles around, while vast numbers have imparted a most disagreeable flavor to the water, rendering it unfit for drinking.

A novel means of cleaning out crickets is the sewing together of three gunny sacks, leaving small holes in the bottom one for the egress of water. This large sack is attached to the end of a sluice box, placed so that the water will run into it. The people then assemble, armed with bells and boughs, and with a great noise drive the crickets into the stream, which swiftly carries them down through the sluice box into the bag, and there they are speedily drowned. At Painter's ranch a few days ago there was a grand "drive," destroying about 225 bushels of crickets.

FADING.—The Norristown Herald says: When we see a man coming out of a beer saloon, with the protuberance on his face resembling an overripe tomato, we are forcibly reminded of the spirited words of the late Hon. Proctor Knott—viz.: "Rum by rum the noses fade."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

A train on the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs road was stopped by a band of robbers who mistook it for a freight train containing the pay car. When they discovered it to be a passenger train they allowed it to proceed. Gen. Terry and Crook have united their commands and are following an Indian trail Crook was on at the time of the juncture. It is reported that Sitting Bull has expressed a determination to go to the agency and sue for clemency. He claims that he did not wish to fight, but the whites forced him to it. Congressional nominations: Texas, Austin, district, D. C. Giddings, Dem.; Missouri, sixth, H. E. Havens, Rep.; Rev. Wm. A. Cornell, of Freedom Plains, N. Y., hanged himself while temporarily insane. During the last day of the Union (N. Y.) races, Great Eastern won the 2.26 contest in 2.20, 2.23, 2.22. Burns won the 2.20 race in 2.21, 2.21, 2.23.

Hon. Michael C. Kerr, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, died at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va. Mr. Kerr was born near Titusville, Pa., March 15, 1827. In 1852 he settled in New Albany, Indiana, in the practice of law. In 1854 he was elected city attorney, and in 1856 to the State legislature. Six years later he was elected reporter to the supreme court of Indiana, and published five volumes of reports. In 1864 he was elected a representative to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and served on the committee on private land claims and accounts. He was re-elected to the Fortieth, Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses. In 1872 he was the Democratic candidate for Congressman at Large in Indiana, and was defeated by Hon. Godlove S. Orth by a majority of 162. He was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress and was chosen Speaker by the Democratic majority—the vote being: Kerr, 172; Blaine, 106. He was in ill health at the time, and has been gradually failing until his death as announced.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, has failed. Liabilities, \$80,000; assets, \$200,000. Henry Hughes and wife, of Melbourne, Can., were killed by a locomotive while crossing a track in a wagon. Thomas Darrah, Robert Cranston, Michael Harrington, Martin Hogan, James Wilson and Thomas Hassett, the six Fenian prisoners who made their escape from British penal servitude under thrilling circumstances, arrived safely in New York in the whaler Catalpa, in which they made the voyage from Australia. Reports have been received from Abyssinia that Walda Mikael, the insurgent chief, has defeated the Abyssinians at Zakraza, and 1,500 women and children have been massacred. A ten-mile swimming match on the Mississippi between Frank Prince, of St. Louis, and Tom Sculiffe, of England, resulted in a victory for Prince by two minutes. The time of the race was one hour and forty-one minutes. While five young men were rowing in New York harbor, their boat was struck by a passing steamer and sunk. Two of the occupants were drowned and a third was seriously injured by being hit by the wheel of the boat. Sam Camden outraged a little white girl in Huntington, W. Va., and was hanged by an enraged crowd.

By the capsizing of a yacht on Cayuga lake, twenty-nine men were thrown into the water and three of them drowned, namely: Mr. King, Patrick Garvey and James Lick. They all belonged to Ithaca, N. Y. The emperor of Morocco has declined to send his annual tribute to Turkey, claiming as a reason his inability on account of heavy expenses brought about by internal disturbances in his own country. A fire in Brussels, Canada, destroyed twenty-eight business houses and rendered fourteen families homeless. Two young men, named Henry Smith and Squire Hammond, who were in jail at Owen, Ky., for the murder of Robert Martin, a highly respectable citizen of Owen county, were taken from the jail by a band of forty masked men and hanged near the town. Congressional nominations: Pennsylvania, thirteenth district, J. L. Nutting, Rep.; Pennsylvania, Juniata district, Jeremiah Lyons, Rep.; Pennsylvania, Sunbury district, W. L. Dewart, Dem.; Ohio, second, Stanley Matthews, Rep.

The Indian commissioner has ordered that the sale of arms and ammunition to Indians shall cease, and any violation of the order be reported to him. The Soldiers' Orphan School, at Phillipsburg, Pa., was totally destroyed by fire. Loss, \$20,000. The cause of the conflagration is a mystery. A prisoner named Osborn, in the Robinson (Kan.) jail, assaulted and mortally wounded Sheriff Henderson. That night a masked mob stormed the jail and hanged Osborn. Congressional nominations: Ohio, nineteenth district, Gen. Garfield, Rep.; Ohio, tenth, John H. Hudson, Dem.; Michigan, seventh, Omar D. Conger, Rep. Sitting Bull made overtures to the Blackfeet Indians of Canada to aid him, but they refused. The horse Gov. Sprague won the first purse in the 2.26 race at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 2.20, 2.24, 2.21, 2.23. Ten thousand Knights of Pythias from all parts of the country held a grand parade in Philadelphia, presenting a brilliant appearance.

A Turkish army of 50,000 was repulsed by the Servians before Alexanzatz. A boat containing seven persons was swamped in Chedabutoo bay, near Guysboro, N. S., and three young ladies, named Hadley, Hart and Myers, and a young man named Bruce O'Brien, were drowned. The double gull race in the Centennial regatta was contested by clubs from the Union Springs, Atlanta, of New York, and Vespers, of Philadelphia. The Union Springs (Courtney and Robinson) won easily in 9:19. The commission appointed to adjust the differences between the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Church have published addresses, in which they affirm the belief that all differences will be adjusted and unity be the result. Congressional nominations: New Jersey, third district, Geo. W. Atherton, Rep.; Illinois, eighth, Geo. W. Parker, Ind.; Kentucky, Lexington, J. C. S. Blackburn, Dem.; West Virginia, first, Benj. Wilson, Dem.; Alabama, eighth, W. W. Garth, Dem.

The New York Republican State convention nominated Edwin D. Morgan for governor, Sherman S. Rogers for lieutenant-governor, George F. Danforth for associate judge of the court of appeals, Daniel G. Spencer for canal commissioner, and Charles W. Trowbridge for State printer. The resolutions adopted by the convention reaffirm the platform adopted by the National Republican convention, and heartily approve the principles set forth in the letters of acceptance of R. B. Hayes and Wm. A. Wheeler, is in favor of a reformed public service; insists that the equal rights and lives of all citizens must and shall

be protected, and that the government must be restored from the consequences of the war by those who saved it, and not by those who attempted to destroy it. On the financial question it says: Whereas the date of the payment of our obligation bearing no interest after maturity is of the very essence of its full and entire validity, and the postponement of its payment repudiation to the extent of the usual interest from the date of promised payment, we therefore denounce the repeal of the date of specie resumption by the Democratic House of Representatives, without making the dishonored notes bear the current government rate of interest, as an act of repudiation and disloyalty, and an open violation of the section of the fourteenth amendment to the United States Constitution, which provides that the validity of the public debt authorized by laws shall not be questioned. The alacrity and great unanimity of the Southern Democrats in the House of Representatives to repeal the date of payment of the United States notes, without consideration in the form of interest, and in violation of the pledged faith of the government, shows that they are not safe custodians of the national faith, and that fidelity to public honor requires that the national administration shall not be subject to their control, dictation or management. It arraigns the Democratic party for its faults, and concludes as follows: The Republicans of New York tender to the President of the United States, upon the approaching completion of his official term, the assurance of their profound respect and gratitude for those illustrious public and patriotic services which will secure his name an imperishable place in history.

Secretary Morrill has concluded a contract with the syndicate (headed by the Rothschilds and embracing the principal American bankers), by which it is to take \$40,000,000 of the new four and one-half per cent. loan at gold par less one-half per cent. commission. There is no hope of Cardinal Antonelli's recovery. He was the Pope's chief adviser. Congressional nominations: Iowa, eighth district, Andrew Hastie, Greenback; Illinois, eighth, Greenbury L. Fort, Dem.; Illinois, tenth, John H. Hunsage, Dem.; Michigan, ninth, John H. Kilbourne, Dem.; Michigan, first, Henry M. Saffell, Rep.; Virginia, third, G. C. Walker, Conservative; Ohio, sixth, Frank H. Hurd, Dem.; Alabama, fifth, R. T. Sigon, Dem.; Missouri, twelfth, John M. Glover, Dem.; Pennsylvania, twenty-fifth, Geo. A. Jenks, Dem.; West Virginia, second, B. F. Martin, Dem. In the free-to-all race at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Goldenrod Maid won the first heat in 2:16, distancing Lulu, Smuggler and Judge Fullerton, all of whom acted very badly. Bodine was the Maid's only contestant for the other heats, which were trotted in 2:18 and 2:20. S. W. Crawford, a quack doctor, confined in jail at Berkeley Springs, W. Va., for poisoning a citizen, was taken out at night by a masked mob and hanged. The final heat between the crews of the Atlanta club and Columbia college, for the amateur championship, at Philadelphia, resulted in a foul, and on a second attempt one of Columbia's boys was disabled by cramps, and the Atlanta pulled over the course alone.

United States of Venezuela.

The island of Margarita and the east coast of Venezuela were discovered by Columbus in 1498, and the whole coast by Ojeda and Vesputcio, in 1499. On entering Lake Maracaybo they found an Indian village constructed on piles over the water, and hence called it Venezuela (little Venice). This name was eventually extended to the whole country. The first settlement was made at Cumana, in 1520, which is consequently one of the oldest cities in the new world. When Napoleon, in 1808, made his brother king of Spain, Venezuela was one of the first Spanish colonies to declare for the ancient dynasty; but in 1810 a revolutionary uprising took place in Caracas, and on July 5, 1811, Venezuela proclaimed its independence. In 1812 it returned to the sway of Spain. In 1813 it again revolted, under Bolivar, and after struggling with varying success, the republic of Colombia was formed in 1819, embracing New Granada, Venezuela and Ecuador. A congress was formed in 1821, and a constitution adopted. In 1830 the republic of Venezuela was formed by secession from the other members of the Free State founded by Bolivar. The charter of fundamental laws, dating from 1830, and proclaimed with alterations April 24, 1864, is similar to the Constitution of the United States, but allows more independence to the provinces or States. The twenty-one States of the republic have each their own legislature and executive, their own judicial officers and the power to levy local taxes. The main purpose of the union is that of common defense. The Federal Senate and House of Representatives are both composed of members deputed by the same bodies in the individual States. The president, vice-president and congress of the States are elected by the States; the president has no veto power. There has been an almost continuous struggle between the Unionists and Federalists since 1847, the Unionists desiring a strong, central government, and the Federalists the greatest possible independence of the several States.

Save the Pieces.

One of the wealthiest of English velvet manufacturers, Mr. Lister, worked his way to success by years of patient labor in search of a way to utilize silk rags. He begun by buying up all such waste at less than one cent a pound, and up to the year 1864 he had expended the immense sum of over \$1,300,000 in fruitless efforts to find a process. Nothing daunted, however, he continued his experiments, and within the past ten years has discovered a method of converting such refuse into velvet of the finest quality. He carries on this industry in England, employing some four thousand workmen, and hundreds of travelers are also employed whose sole business is to buy up silk waste in all parts of the globe. The factory is said to have cost nearly \$3,000,000.

A BUSINESS IDEA.—Some of the business firms in certain towns in Pennsylvania have adopted a credit check, like street railway tickets. The checks for \$5 are sold for \$4.75 cash, or five per cent. off, and are so arranged with figures that upon purchasing an article the amount is punched out, requiring no bookkeeping or store book.

All for Drink.

Some evidence given in a case tried at the Leeds assizes, when a man named King was sentenced to eighteen years' penal servitude for feloniously wounding his wife, excited, not unnaturally, the indignation of Mr. Justice Denman, before whom the trial took place. King was engaged with his wife for making a sign to the landlord of a public house, which he had entered in order to get drunk, not to give him any, as he was then intoxicated, and beat her about the head, face and neck so brutally with a stick as they were walking home that she became insensible. The master of a union workhouse in the neighborhood, who was called as a witness, deposed that he was on the road on the evening when the assault took place. He saw the prisoner and his wife, and her face was covered with blood. She was saying "Don't kill me, love," but the prisoner, putting his fist in her face, said he "would give her more when he got her home." The witness was asked by the prisoner's counsel why he did not interfere. "Why," replied the witness, "should I interfere?" The judge indignantly told him to stand down and "be ashamed of himself," and asked: "What is it to come to, if Englishmen behave in such a way?" The witness did not offer any opinion on this point.

On the California Coast.

Whaling on the California coast is carried on to considerable extent by companies of Portuguese stationed at various points south of San Francisco. When a whale is sighted from the lookout, the men instantly drop everything else and hasten to their boats. This is about the only time a Portuguese whaler is ever known to quicken his movements. The boats soon get under weigh, and they pursue the whale until it is overhauled, one end of the rope is fastened to the harpoon and the other end to the boat. The whale is then made fast and cannot escape. The whale is then killed by firing bombs into it till dead. The bombs used are about eight inches in length, and one in diameter. After the whale is killed the three boats make fast to it and tow it into the shore; it is then hauled as far up on the bank as possible.

The blubber is then cut off in pieces about two feet long, one foot wide, and as thick as the blubber may chance to be. Sometimes it will be four inches, and occasionally eight inches. The blubber is then hauled up the bank by the aid of horse power, when it is again cut up, this time in very small pieces, and then allowed to partially decay. The oil is then fried out, barreled up, and shipped to San Francisco.

Pimples on the face, rough skin, chapped hands, and all other cutaneous affections cured, the skin made soft and smooth, by the use of JUNIPER TAR SOAP. That made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, is the only kind that can be relied on, as there are many imitations, made from common tar, which are worthless.—Com.

A Case of Thirty Years' Standing.

EAST AUBURN, N. Y., May 22, 1872. Messrs. Seth W. Fowler & Sons: Gentlemen.—I was troubled with dyspepsia for thirty years, and tried several medicines advertised for the cure of this distressing complaint without deriving any benefit from them. About a year ago I commenced taking the Peruvian Syrup, and after using altogether twelve bottles I and myself entirely cured. I consider my case one of the worst I ever heard of, and I take great pleasure in recommending the Peruvian Syrup to all dyspeptics, believing that it will be sure to cure them. Yours respectfully, J. T. BOWEN. Sold by all druggists.

The most astonishing cure of chronic diarrhea we ever heard of was that of Wm. Clark, of Frankfort Mills, Waldo Co., Maine. The cure is attested by Ezra Treat, Union Treat and M. A. Merrill, each of whom might be addressed for particulars. Mr. Clark was cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Hon. Joseph Farewell, mayor of Rockland, Me., Isaac M. Bragg, Esq., of Bangor, Me., Pope Bros., Machias, Me., lumber merchants, fully endorse the Sheridan Cavalry Condition Powders, and have given the proprietors liberty to use their names in recommending them.

Miss: A word in your ear: The next fine afternoon that you saunter out, buy a box of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. That admirable purifier will remove every one of those pimples which detract so much from your beauty. Depot, Crittenton's No. 7 Sixth avenue, N. Y. There is youth in every bottle of Hill's Hair Dye.

The new and elegant steamships of the State Line, from New York to Ireland and Scotland, are taking passengers at very low rates. See advertising columns.

See advertisement of James' Bitters.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.	
Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Bullocks	8 1/2 @ 10
Common to Good Texan	7 1/2 @ 8
Milk Cows	45 @ 50
Hogs—Live	— @ —
Dressed	07 1/2 @ 08 1/2
Sheep—Live	04 1/2 @ 05
Lambs—Live	05 @ 07
Wool—Mixed	12 1/2 @ 13
Flour—Extra Western	6 1/2 @ 6 5/8
State Extra	6 2/3 @ 7
Wheat—Red Western	1 1/2 @ 1 1/8
No. 2 Spring	1 00 @ 1 01
Hope	04 @ 05
Barley—State	02 1/2 @ 03
Barley—Malt	1 00 @ 1 10
Oats—Mixed Western	59 1/2 @ 60 1/2
Corn—Mixed Western	58 @ 59
Hay, per cwt.	60 @ 70
Straw, per cwt.	45 @ 50
Wool—No. 1	61 1/2 @ 62 1/2
Fork—Mixed	17 @ 18 1/2
Lard	10 1/2 @ 10 3/4
Flour—Mackerel, No. 1, new	18 00 @ 17 00
State Extra	7 1/2 @ 8 00
Dry Cod, per cwt.	5 00 @ 6 71
Herring, Scaled, per box	18 @ 21
Potatoes—Crude	11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
Wool—California Fine	15 @ 18
Texas	16 @ 25
Australian	35 @ 40
Butter—State	28 @ 30
Western Dairy	28 @ 30
Western Yellow	28 @ 27
State Extra	62 @ 63
Western Ordinary	13 @ 18
State Skimmed	03 @ 05
Western	03 @ 08
Eggs—State	05 @ 16
BALTIMORE.	
Flour	5 1/2 @ 5 7/5
Wheat—No. 1 Spring	1 1/2 @ 1 1/8
Corn—Mixed	50 @ 51
Oats	28 @ 35
Rye	60 @ 70
Barley	— @ —
PHILADELPHIA.	
Beef Cattle—Extra	04 @ 05 1/2
Sheep	02 @ 03 1/2
Hogs—Dressed	09 @ 10 1/2
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	5 1/2 @ 5 28
Wheat—Red Western	1 1/2 @ 1 1/8
Rye	60 @ 61
Corn—Yellow	57 @ 58
Mixed	58 @ 57
Oats—Mixed	24 @ 24 1/2
Potatoes—Crude	15 @ 15 1/2
WATERTOWN, MASS.	
Beef Cattle—Extra	4 7/5 @ 5 7/5
Sheep	1 00 @ 1 02 1/2
Lambs	8 00 @ 8 10

Tobacco.

There is a little item in the history of tobacco that will be fresh to a good many old smokers and chombers amongst the tribe of gardeners: Tobacco was brought to England in 1560. Jean Nicot, the French ambassador in Portugal, received it from Fleming, who came from Florida, and it was he who offered the first example to Catherine de Medici. The queen took a fancy to tobacco, the court followed her example, and the plant, which had been formerly called Nicotina, from the name of Nicot, was made *Herbe de la Reine*, and became celebrated as a panacea. The taste for tobacco became so general that kings were alarmed at it. James I., king of England, in 1619, launched a pamphlet against the use of tobacco. Pope Urban VIII., in 1624, fulminated a special bull against it, and in all the churches the beads were authorized to take possession of the tobacco boxes which they found in the hands of the faithful.

How THEY GATHER.—Few are aware of the vast number of people that can be placed in a small space. When we speak of millions of men, we are apt to picture to ourselves an almost boundless mass of humanity; yet a million of people standing together, each person occupying four square feet, could be placed upon a patch but little more than a mile square.

BEST BOOKS ON Steam Engineering. Send two stamps for Catalogue. F. KEPPY, Pub. Bridgeport, Ct. \$55 & \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Au. sta. Maine.

\$10 a Day. Employment for all. Chromo & Novelty Catalogue free. Fulton & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

\$2 OUTFIT FREE. Best Chance Yet. Write at Once. COLLINS & CO., 2 Clinton Place, N. Y.

20 a Week Salary guaranteed to male & female. Send stamp for circulars. E. M. Bodine, Indianapolis, Ind.

\$12 a day. Thousands Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

SAWS FILED easily. \$2. New machine. Stamp for illustrated circulars. E. ROTH, New Oxford, Pa.

Profitable. Pleasant work: hundreds now employed. Hundreds more wanted. M. N. LOVELL, Erie, Pa.

\$5 to \$20 a day at home. Samples worth \$1 sent by mail. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

Arthurs. Get the genuine remedy. \$1.00 per box by mail, sold by druggists. A. D. D. Langley, Adams Creek, Pa.

ASTHMA SPECIFIC. Best in the World. First package free. T. POFAN & CO., 19 S. 3d St., Phila., Pa.

ENGINEERS AND ENGINE OWNERS. Should all understand the Allen Governor. Illustrated Circular sent free. S. E. ALLEN, BOSTON.

\$175 IN GOLD given away to every agent. Circulars free. Samples 25 cents. Price, \$1.00. Novelty Co., 307 Broadway, New York.

CAMPAIGN Pictures of TILDEN and HAYES. 25c Large Discount to Agents. J. H. BUFFORD'S SON, Boston.

\$350 A Month.—Agents wanted. 36 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

\$3 WATCHES. A Great Sensation. Sample Watch and Chain Free to Agents. Send for Circular. Gold. Address A. COULTER & CO., Chicago.

Agents Wanted.—Twenty-five 11 Mounted Chromo. for \$1. 2 samples by mail, post-paid, 25c. GORDON & CO., 27 Nassau Street, New York.

\$125 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid. Address, MONITOR MANUFACTURING CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES. I want in the U. S. \$50,000.00. Send for circulars and samples. S. M. SPENCER, 347 Washington St., New York.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY. THE BEST OFFER EVER MADE TO YOUNG MEN AND LADIES. Address, with stamp, SHERMAN TEL. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SWIFT AND TENDER FEET. Little's Original Ointment. Cure guaranteed for Swollen Feet, and Offensive Feet. Send for Circular. L. L. LITTLE & CO., P. O. Box 2331, Philadelphia.

REVOLVER. Little Giant. 7 Shot. Self-Action. Cylinder, with Box Cartridges. Price, \$5.50. 64 pp. Catalogue Free. Sporting Goods, Novelties, Toys, etc., sent by mail. Address, BALDWIN & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York.

AGENTS. If you want the best sell article in the world and a solid gold profit, send for Circular. Address, J. BRIDE & CO., 765 Broadway, N. Y.

TOBACCO USERS should mix NIO-NOC with their Tobacco. Prevents Coughs, BRONCHITIS, FAINTNESS, NERVOUSNESS, without impairing its Sweet, Fragrant and Tranquilizing powers. Trial pkg. sent free. P. S. FARRIS, Druggist, 100 Nassau St., N. Y.

Mind Reading, Psychometry, Fascination. Clairvoyance, Mesmerism, and Love's Guide. Showing how they may be used to gain the love and affection of any person in their choice. Send for Circular. By mail 50c. H. N. & CO., 139 N. 7th St., Phila.

10,000 Agents Wanted.—\$60 to \$100 (time, chrome, stationery, packages, watches, etc.) special terms given to agents; valuable samples, with catalogue, sent free; 10-cent trial watch given as premium. R. L. FLETCHER, 111 Deloy Street, New York.

YOUR OWN LIFE. See in our colors, to show our work painted on canvas, 6x7 1/2, from a photograph on type. Free with the "Home" color. \$2.50 a year. Sample of our work and paper terms to agents. Address, L. T. LUTHER, Hull Village, Erie county, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY. Through instruction in Civil and Mining Engineering, Civil and English, and other subjects, students apply to COL. THRO. HYATT, Pres., P. O. Box 100, Harrisburg, Pa.

ANOVETRY. Your name printed on a card, containing a sample of your handwriting, sent post-paid for 25 cents; 5 cards, 5 names, \$1. No other card printer has the same. Agents wanted for all parts of the country. Look for "Anovetry" in the "New York Herald."

\$10-\$25 a day, every day. Illustrated. Send for Circular. Address, J. H. BUFFORD'S SON, Boston.

A BOOK FOR THE MILLION. MEDICAL ADVICE. A 40 page Pamphlet on Specifics, Catarrh, Nephritis, Opium Habit, etc., SENT FREE on receipt of stamp. Address, Dr. Butts Dispensary, No. 12 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

CHOICE FARMING LANDS. The best and cheapest in market, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, in Eastern Nebraska, for sale on long time and low rates of interest. Secure better and more reliable information about the land, or also send descriptive pamphlet, new number of Farmers' Guide, and other valuable information, to the Land Commissioner, U. S. R. R. Co., Omaha, Neb.

Correspondence invited.

OLD ROOFS. Why not make your Roof last a lifetime, and save the expense of a new roof every 10 or 15 years. It can be done with even less expense and care than you bestow on your shoes, because our materials cost less, and you are careful to use Fire-proof Slate Paint it will not only resist the effects of water and wind, but will shield you from fire.

NEW ROOFS. Protect your Buildings by using Glens' Slate Roofing Paint, which neither cracks in winter nor runs in summer. Old single roofs can be painted, looking much better, and lasting longer than new shingles without the expense of removing the old shingles. The new shingles it fills up the holes and pores, and gives a new substantial roof. This slate paint requires no heating or thinning, is applied with a brush and very ornamental. It is genuine article is chocolate color when first applied, changes to a uniform slate color, and is at all seasons and purposes safe.

ON TIN OR IRON ROOFS. The red color is acknowledged the best paint in the market for durability. It is a heavy body, and is easily applied; expands by heat, contracts by cold, is a slow drier and never cracks nor scales. One coat is equal to 4 of any other paint. Buildings covered with red-felt can be made water-tight at a small expense and preserved for years.

NEW ROOFS. Mills, foundries, factories and dwellings a specialty. Materials complete for a new steep or flat Roof of Glens' Rubber Roofing coat, but about half the price of regular roofing. For Private houses, barns and outbuildings, all descriptions it is far superior to any other roofing in the world for convenience in laying, and combines the ornamental appearance, durability, and fire-proof qualities of tin, at one-third the cost. Roofs laid by contract guaranteed.

NO TAR OR GRAVEL USED. "How to save re-roofing—stop leaks effectually and cheaply in roofs of all kinds"—a 100 page book free to one who states where they saw this notice. Write to-day!

New York Slate Roofing Co. Limited, 7 Cedar Street, New York. Agents Wanted.



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ERADICATES ALL LOCAL SKIN DISEASES; PERMANENTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEAD ACHES AND INJURIES OF THE CURE, IS A RELIABLE DISINFECTANT.

This popular and inexpensive remedy accomplishes the same results as costly SULPHUR BATHS, since it PERMANENTLY REMOVES Eruptions and IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN.